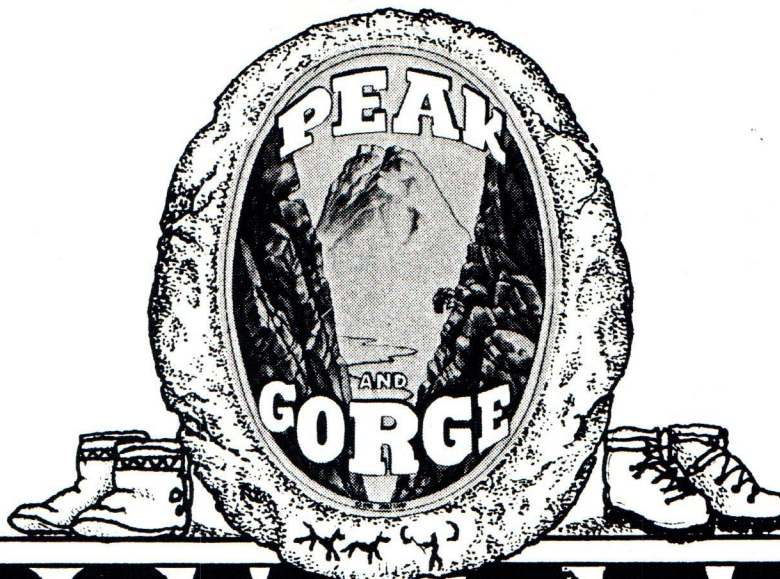


THE



BOULDER

motherlode chapter-sierra club

Issue No. 44, September & Oct. 1991

CHAIRMANS COMMENTARY

Another summer of peak climbing is nearing its end with some interesting trends emerging that warrant discussion. We experienced a record number of published hikes, a very encouraging sign, and this largely attributable to the efforts of our former chairman John Sarna and many dedicated leaders. Many new climbers are participating on these trips and I want to remind leaders to inform new people of our emblem programs. Also, leaders should look ahead to next fall's mountaineering season. Planning successful class three climbs requires a pool of experienced people and these promising new climbers are now attending your class one and two hikes, so keep your eyes open.

Let me take this opportunity to invite leaders and potential leaders to our October leaders social. This is a chance for you to talk informally about trips, communicate your needs, if any, to me and share insights with prospective leaders about getting started.

Cristy Todaro informs me that gorge scrambling is still as much fun as ever and interested parties should contact her for further information. Bob Buckles has a few shirts from our latest order available for sale and we are contemplating another purchase. Please contact Bob or me if you want a Peak & Gorge shirt or have earned an Ogul emblem but do not yet have the shirt. Please send your trip write ups **directly** to John Besbekos, his address is on the back page of the Boulder, this will greatly facilitate the editorial process.

That about covers the tip of the iceberg from what has been a very full summer, if you want more information about these issues come to our September social meeting or attend a fall peak climb.

See you on the trail

John P. Watters
Chairman

FALL CALENDAR

August 31-Sept. 2, Two North Yosemite Peaks, Grizzly & Biglow (10,539), Class 2. Al Gutowsky leader, 457-3338.

September 7th. Gorge Scramble 1V - Giant Gap, Fred Fischietto leader, 983-5607.

September 7th. Pyramid Peak. Bill Campau leader, 644-5339.

September 14th. Pyramid Peak. Roger Barr leader, 451-1928.

September 14th. Echo Peak (8895'). John Besbekos leader, 729-2725.

September 14th. Tryon Peak (9900') Ebbets Pass area. Al Gutowsky leader, 457-3338.

September 21st. Mt. Dana (13,053'). Steven Thaw leader (415) 376-3380.

September 20-23. Marble Mountains. John Sarna leader, 429-8024.

September 24th. Annual Fall Slide Show. Bob Buckles host, 624-3620. Meeting time, 7:00 p.m.

September 28th. Twin Peaks (8878'). Gary Campbell leader, 454-5140.

October 4th-6th. McConnel Peak (9090'). Bob Buckles leader, 624-3620.

October 5th-6th. Tuolumne Meadows Peak Climb. Al Gutowsky leader, 457-3338.

October 22nd. Leaders Social. John Watters host, 488-8467.

November 26th. Business Meeting. John Besbekos host, 729-2725.



View south from the summit of Thompson Peak (10,776'), highpoint of the Idaho Sawtooth Mountains. PV

April 23, 1991

Dear John,

It has been just about 2 years since you wrote to me asking for something for the Boulder. Well, after much procrastination, here it is.

I have really enjoyed getting and reading the Boulder issues and miss my climbing friends in the Mother Lode Chapter. The Club certainly has had it's share of difficulties on the insurance problem. However, I wonder if the Sierra Club has had climbing as a priority.

Although I continue my Club membership, I am very active in the Tacoma Mountaineers, i.e. bicycle chairperson and basic mountaineering instruction. All members must sign a waiver to participate on an outing, including hikes. Non-members must sign a waiver before they can go on an outing. This protects the leader and the Club.

What have I been doing (other than learn to use this !@#%&*\$\$ PC)? In Jan/89, I moved to the Pacific Northwest, and am now living in Gig Harbor, WA. Climbing is different in the Northwest. Most climbs require 5th class rock or glacier skills. The Mountaineers provide excellent training for members in scrambling, rock climbing, glacier travel, sailing, kayaking, and orienteering. To do a Club climb requires previous classroom and field training applicable to the climb difficulty. The climbing courses offered are 1) scrambling 2) basic climbing 3) intermediate climbing. The scrambling course would be equivalent to most Sierra climbing.

My climbs in the Northwest have been both easy and "What am I doing up here?". As an example, Ingalls Peak is a one day climb with only 3-4 pitches of 5.4 to 5.6. However, it has a slab face with over 1000 ft. drop. A very "airy" place. Or take Mt. Thompson---a piece of cake? See the AAC accident report.

My best and longest climb was the Fuhrer Finger route on Rainier. An 11 hour climb to the summit up a 40 degree ice chute. Fred Beckey calls it a 6 hour climb. Either he has wings or a defective watch. We passed two other parties on the ascent.

What do I like most about the Pacific Northwest---the mountains, ocean beaches, Puget Sound and green. Lots of green trees, ferns, flowers, and water (rain and surface). The rain? Yes, it does rain, but this keeps it green, a continuous garden (no, we are not going to send you any of our water, forget it!).

I stay in close contact with Boris and Camille, and Bill Hauser and meet them throughout the year for activities.

I am enclosing a this month's copy of The Mountaineer for your reading enjoyment. I can also send you a copy of our Basic Climbing instruction if you would let me know.

See you on the summit!

Roger Ehret
P. O. Box 451
Tacoma, WA 98401
206-858-2184

A TEN YEAR OLD CLIMBS RED SLATE PEAK by Sierra Richins

I am Sierra Richins, a ten year old girl that loves to climb mountains. I have climbed nine peaks so far.

On the 4th of July weekend, I climbed Red Slate Peak (13,163 feet) with Lana Jackson and my dad (Paul Richins). Red Slate Peak is one of the highest 100 peaks in California and the highest and most difficult peak I have climbed.

We started our hike at Convict Lake (7,580'). The first day we hiked seven miles gaining 3,000 feet to our camp at Bighorn Lake (10,600'). The trail was fairly steep, very hot and tiring.

In about three miles, the trail crossed a side creek and the main stream, Convict Creek. The bridge was washed out so we crossed both of these high, rushing streams by jumping from rock to rock and log to log. Dad carried my pack across and helped me just a little. In another hour of steady climbing we made our way to Mildred Lake (9,800') in time for lunch. It is the first lake on the trail and seemed to be where most people stop to camp.

The trail from Mildred to Dorothy Lake (10,200') became steeper and my backpack heavier. At Dorothy Lake the trail ended. We hiked the last half mile to Bighorn Lake (10,600') without a trail.

After seven and a half long hours, we finally reached Bighorn Lake, where we camped for the next two nights. We were the only ones at the lake. We topped off this hot, tiring day with a snow cone made from a nearby patch of crisp, white snow and kool-aid mix. We all agreed, it was delicious.

The next morning we started our climb of Red Slate Peak. We hiked to Lake Wit-So-Nah-Pah (10,600') and then climbed up snow fields to the main saddle on the west ridge. We climbed the long west ridge to the summit, class 2 with some loose rock. After four hours of determined climbing we suddenly reached the summit register. We enjoyed eating lunch while viewing the lakes and mountains below.

My favorite part of the trip was glissading down the snow fields. We were able to sit on the snow and slide most of the way from the saddle at 12,000' to Lake Wit-So-Nah-Pah at 10,600' in a matter of minutes! It was exciting and fun!

Climbing the mountain was not the hardest thing I did on the trip. The hardest thing I did was to dive into the ice cold water of Bighorn Lake. Snow banks were all around one side of the lake keeping the lake water ice cold. I jumped in and jumped back out just as fast. I was freezing!

The following day we hiked out in five hours. I was very tired but anxious to get to Walker Burger, the best restaurant on the way home. The restaurant has a beautiful flower garden and serves great food. I had two hamburgers, a milkshake and french fries. I was still hungry.

My next goal is to climb Mount Whitney (14,494'), the highest peak in the United States outside Alaska. Dad said that since the altitude did not bother me on Red Slate Peak that I should be all right to climb Whitney. I sure hope so!

20-25 Aug 91

I climbed out of John Watters' tent and checked the clothes I had washed the evening before. Surprisingly, only the socks were a bit damp. The morning breeze was warm for a campsite at 10,000'. Alan Cooke had talked last night of getting up early for a picture of the Lake with the dawn reflections. Not much chance of that, I thought, as I watched the ripples run across Ottoway Lake. It was time to get moving. We had another thousand feet of climbing to get over Red Peak Pass. With the temperature already about 30 degrees at 7:00 AM, it was promising to be a hot day.

The mileage hiked since we left Glacier Point on Tuesday had been modest. Seven miles up Illilouette Creek on Tuesday, another 8 on Wednesday to get to Lower Ottoway Lake, we now had a climb to 11,180' just to get over the pass. We ate quickly, packed our gear, and started marching.

As we climbed the three miles up the pass, I surprised myself. Felt pretty good, full pack and all. As we passed Upper Ottoway Lake, the granite rock trail so typical of Sierra Nevada high country was replaced by a series of switchbacks paved with sandy dirt. The highest pass in Yosemite Park was an excellent footpath with better trail construction than many more accessible places. Looking back, we saw Upper Ottoway and another unnamed lake nestled in the rock below.

Across from us was Merced Peak. "Just an hour away," Alan had said. Though barely higher than our destination, it looked like a tough climb.

When we reached the top of the pass, we started to discuss possible routes to climb Red Peak. John Besbekos had put this red heap forth as our climbing goal when he first planned the trip. Could we just climb atop the ridge at the pass and then traverse to the peak? Did we need to give up some elevation to climb the more obvious route by the snow filled lake on the east side of the peak? Our first decision was to go for the ridge. Thirty minutes later we returned to our backpacks, defeated. The ridge had turned into a spine requiring some tough class three moves. Without a rope, the risk was unacceptable.

By now, both Johns were ready to call off the climb. Irritated by our first defeat, I was determined to make another try. I talked Alan into going for the route by way of the small lake north of the pass. At first we made better time than expected, moving quickly over the talus to the rock wall. What had looked easy from a distance, was more challenging once we started up the side. The chute was made of cracked, exfoliating granite with sand and loose rock. Halfway up, I began to wonder if I was leading us into trouble. We got up the chute with a little coaching from John Watters. Before heading across the talus on the top, we took our bearings and set up a couple ducks to mark our return route. It wouldn't do to start down the wrong way. We continued up the talus a few hundred more feet and came to the peak.

A bit of food, some gatorade, and a quick look at the register. Alan took a couple photographs. We then went back down. The trip down the chute seemed easy (Had the exertion of climbing clouded my judgement earlier?) John B. and John W. were anxious to move on. We had taken a couple hours to climb the peak. The day was half over and we had far to go. It would be another two days until we reached the floor of Yosemite Valley. For now, my climbing urge was satisfied.

Bob Buckles

21 July 91

Most of the calls I received for the trip were from people who had not climbed any peaks, many who had not even gone on a Sierra club outing before. When we met at the trailhead there were 20 people, some from as far away as Stockton and Modesto. The term "Beginning Peak Climb" must draw a crowd.

We started from the large parking lot on top of Carson Pass at 10:30, leisurely walked past Frog Lake, Winnemucca Lake and came to Round Top Lake. The clouds were a bit threatening by now (12:30). I when I tried to climb Mt. Price in Desolation Wilderness. Several of the first time hikers chose to remain at the lake. Of those continuing up, 10 made it to the secondary summit.

I then decided to offer to lead those who wanted to over to the true summit. This required a short bit of class three climbing down into a cleft between the summits and then back up the summit block. As I led the way up the summit block, I felt a few raindrops. Had I just screwed up real good with a group of novice climbers?! But the weather held off and we made it to the peak about 2:30. Those reaching the top included Bill Pennington, Carol Wheeler, Lu King, Marcus Rose, Valerie Phillips, and myself. Except for Valerie and me, this was their first peak climb ever.

We descended without incident to the trail. As we came down towards the lake, several of us enjoyed a standing glasside in the snow filled gulch adjacent the trail. We reached the cars at 4:30 and finished the day with a Mexican dinner, reliving the experiences of a new group of peak baggers.

Bob Buckles

RALSTON PEAK JUNE 30, 1991

I don't know of another peak that gives the hiker such a dramatic view of the Desolation wilderness area with as little traveling time from Sacramento as Ralston Peak.

After securing the required permit from the ranger station near Camino, our group of ten met up at the trailhead opposite Camp Sacramento on Highway 50.

It had rained several days earlier so there was no dust on the trail, the sky was clear blue, and a cool breeze was blowing - it was a perfect hiking day. The trail started out steep but was not nearly so grueling as described in the popular Desolation hiking guides. About halfway through the climb, one of 2 people who were using this trip as a tune-up for Mt. Whitney became ill. The two signed off the trip and returned to their car. Better to get sick here than on Whitney!

The remaining group continued on to the end of the trail. After a short boulder hop we were all standing on the summit. To our left we could see all of Lake Aloha, to the right Echo Lakes, and Lake Tahoe on the horizon.

We had lunch on the top while trying to name the various peaks surrounding us. The register was on the peak, but the old coffee can was missing the lid. So if anyone plans to visit Ralston, remember to bring a can with a lid in order to preserve the someday-to-be-historic document containing all our names.

---JOHN BESBEKOS

MT. FLORENCE (12,561'), FOERSTER PEAK (12,057'), JULY 3-6, 1991
ELECTRA PEAK (12,442')

This was initially scheduled as a SPS outing but due to snow conditions it was cancelled, then led by Dave Petzold as a private trip so we could bring ice axes. From a full trip (8) with 2 on the waiting list, only Bob and Gisela Klwin, Ron Webber and I decided to go.

We started after 8 a.m. from the Tuolumne Meadows kiosk parking lot after Dave, waiting first in line since 6(?) a.m., got the permit. Three of the party climbed Vogelsang while Gisela and I continued to camp at the Isberg Pass trail junction.

The next morning, we packed to the SW ridge of Florence and Dave, Ron, and I climbed it straightforwardly. We continued to the Lyell Fork of the Merced and camped about 1/2 mile upstream. The next day we all got Foerster, and, as Dave had already climbed Electra, it was left to the rest of us to climb that, too. This was a long day, with a return to camp at about 7 p.m.

Since Dave had gotten his peaks, and no one was interested in doing either Rogers or Ansel Adams, we decided to pack out. For me it was a 12 hour push, covering about 19 miles and 3,000' gain. My total trip stats were about 53 miles with 14,200' gain. There had been lots of great scenery, with innumerable falls and cascades, and snowy peaks to one's heart's delight. Warm weather, soft snow, and lots of mosquitoes!

Pete Yamagata

LEAVITT PEAK (11,569'), SOUTH SISTER (11,339') JULY 13-14, 1991

Rose Certini, Rex Smith and I began hiking from the PCT trailhead at Sonora Pass by 9:30 a.m. We took axes, although they were not required, but handy on gissades. We placed a register, enjoyed the view, with an ascent time of 3 hr., 45 min. We drove to Topaz Lake Lodge for a buffet dinner (\$5.95), and, the next morning, a ham n' eggs breakfast (\$2.25).

We drove to Lobdell Lake, and Rex and I hiked South Sister via Desert Creek, East Fork, and a spur ridge to the main ridge. Lesser hikers could save 4 miles by driving down Desert Creek to the end of the road.

Pete Yamagata

MOKELUMNE PEAK (9334')

JULY 24, 1991

Rex Smith came by at 6:50 a.m. for this 13 mile r.t., 3,700' gain climb. We took 88 to Bear River Reservoir Road ("logging in progress"), then up N.F. 81 (8N03 is better--paved) to 8N14 (gravel) and then to 8N14E where the Tanglefoot Trail begins. We dropped 500' to Tanglefoot Canyon and then up muddy trail, in sections, to Moraine Lake (camping possible). We started the west ridge by going around the south side of Bump 8628' and then following the ridge to the top. Time up was just over 4 hours. Nice SPS register.

Coming down we saw a bear and two cubs. There was also a good supply of wildflowers, including Lilies and Columbine. Kept a sharp eye out for rattlers. Didn't see any. We were back to the car by 6 p.m. and promptly attacked by swarms of mosquitoes. Get out of there! We had hamburgers at Ham's Station. Good.

Pete Yamagata

MT. GAYLEY (13,510')

AUGUST 9-11, 1991

"Admiral Sunshine" Skip Perry, "Polar Bear" Steve Thaw, and I carpooled to Big Pine Creek Trailhead for an early start Friday to pack to Lake Elinor (11,000'), and then climbed Gayley Saturday. After an easy 2 1/2 hr. ascent to enjoy good views of the Palisades, we moved camp to Finger Lake to meet 3 persons from L.A. for a Sunday climb of Middle Palisade. A San Jose PCS group was camped nearby, making the same ascent Saturday. After the other five made the climb to meet me back at Glacier Lodge, where I enjoyed heaps of potato salad, chips, chili, and a barbequed cheeseburger (\$3.95), we were all home by about midnight.

Pete Yamagata

*Oh yes, Congratulations, Steve, on your SPS Senior Emblem!

JOBS SISTER (10,823'), BM CARPENTER (828')

JUNE 22-23, 1991

I was resigned to a weekend of staying home, when who should appear out of the blue but Raoul Mocho himself! Apparently, Raoul was intent on securing some pretty seforitas from the Maidu group outing to climb Freel and Jobs Sister, which he needed for OGUL list completion.

Raoul failed to awaken for the 6 a.m. meeting in Placerville, so I decided to go up with Raoul. We drove up, after breakfast at Chuck's, to start by 10 a.m. at the High Meadows Road trailhead for the northern approach to these peaks. Raoul was in a somber mood, full of dire observations about "cretin (base) ball" and "mountain f--ks (bikes)."

In the past, hikers had been allowed through the private, posted land along the gated dirt road that leads up to the meadow below the Freel-Jobs saddle. A sign read, "This area protected by Smith and Wesson." Seeing no one around, we began our 10 mi. r.t., 4,000' gain climb to the top. Finding only a film can (4 hr., 20 min. ascent), we placed a can and book. Great weather and great views! On the way back, we saw some people at the private land residence, but I waved and they waved! Dinner was obtained at Carl's Jr. in Placerville.

After a Saturday night around Sac town, we had a Dim Sum breakfast Sunday at a local eatery, and then drove to Scott Road Exit off U.S. 50, drove 1-1/2 mi. north and turned right on Clarksville Road, past a new subdivision, and parked at the gate on the road leading up to the highpoint of Sacramento County. A 20 min. walk took us to the benchmark and cairn(!) beside a radio antenna enclosure. We drove back to town and had snow cones after doing the lowest highpoint of the 58 California Counties!
Pete Yamagata

ELLIS PEAK (8740'), WADE (9367')

JULY 18-20, 1991

Bill Hauser popped by Wednesday night, and we carpooled to Barker Pass (open, now paved) Thursday morning to hike to the summit of Ellis (good trail, 6 mi. r.t., with 400' drop and 1,000' net gain) where my register was in need of a new book! I left a pad, and we hiked back and drove south where we were met by a fierce hailstorm coming from the south at 5 p.m. We paid a visit to Pat McLaughly to avoid camping in the rain. We treated Pat to dinner at the Sizzler. The next morning we drove to Luther Pass where Bill soloed Waterhouse.

After Bill's soak at Grover's, we headed back to Pat's for another night's stay and I completed a review of slides of his beautiful, recent trip to New Zealand and Australia. I had to make a number of calls, cancelling a one-day climb of Ritter for Saturday, and to plan to attend (partially) Alan Cooke's lead of Job's Peak.

Rex Smith came by to pick me up and we climbed Wade in 3 hr., 40 min., after splitting off from the Job's Peak group. We made it back before the afternoon rain, and also picked up Alan's Minolta A.F., where he left it on a log during a rest before the rains could soak it (usually a total loss). We encountered hail, and then new snow on the road at Carson Spur driving home on 88 and Mormon-Emigrant Road.

Pete Yamagata

VOLCANIC RIDGE (11,501'), MT. STARR (12,870')

AUGUST 16-18, 1991

Steve Thaw, Henry Arnebold, Ali Aminian, "Volker," and I started from the Devils Postpiles parking lot to pack to Minaret Lake. I attempted Fridham Minaret, but turned back 50-100' from the top due to uncertainty about the 3rd (?) class route that I had chosen. Happy hour consisted of Steve's chips and salsa, and Ali's quesadillas.

The next morning, while the others climbed Clyde Minaret, where a fatal fall had recently claimed the life of a L.A. mountaineer, I soloed Volcanic Ridge with an ascent time of 70 minutes (1,700' gain). After packing out, we had pizza in Mammoth and camped near Tom's Place as Ali drove home. A successful, happy end to a dangerous climb!

Sunday, Henry and Steve attended Abbot, while "Volker" and I did Mt. Starr. I thought that "getting into fifth" qualified Steve for the "BCS" or "Bozo Climbing Section."
Pete Yamagata

LITTLE BLUE MOUNTAIN (3081')
YOLO COUNTY HIGH POINT

JULY 7, 1991

7.5 minute series-Wilson Valley CA

After some research in the map room at the USGS in Menlo Park, three of us sneak peakers (SPS) set out to climb the true highpoint of Yolo County. Previous articles by "Mr. Itoo Mocho" of Sacramento said that Berryessa Peak (3057') was the high point of Yolo County...we were out to prove "Itoo" wrong. All joking aside, though, it is very hard to find the county highpoint in some counties of California. Oh sure, it's easy for Inyo County--Mt. Whitney, etc. But in many counties, it's very tricky. Our own Alameda County is a good example. For years, "Rose Peak" was thought to be the highest, but I discovered a higher point called "Deception Peak"...then a Mr. Popeye Iacocca discovered a higher point called "Discovery Peak." Today "Discovery Peak" remains the high point of Alameda County.

We left the Bay Area under a sea of clouds and fog. Soon we were traversing Lake Berryessa in hot sun and 100^o temperatures. Popeye said, "Boy, I didn't think it would be this hot in Yolo County!!" Alegria Alta said it was so hot she felt that she was being "melted."

Attempt #1

Leaving the Morgan Valley Road at 10 p.m., we got lost in a small maze of subdivision roads. The road shown on the USGS map was gone so we high-tailed it back to the cars picking foxtails out of our socks.

Attempt #2

At 12 noon we ended up at the Yolo-Lake County Line on a high saddle. A fire road went along toward "Twin Sisters" and "Butte Rock." We all were on our way toward the end of the ridge, drop down to a saddle at 2800' and then up to 3081' high point, when I saw that Little Blue Ridge was a long way away in the shimmering heatwaves. Too far for a summer day. OK for winter though.

Attempt #3

Again we took Reiff Rd. further east to another saddle (8.6 miles from Morgan Valley Road)..Lo and behold the road ran along the ridge toward Buck Island and right past our highpoint (1.9 miles from Jct.). We built a cairn and left a film can inside a rusty V8 juice can. Great views of Sutter Buttes, Lake Berryessa, and Mt. St. Helena.

Raoul Mocho



Mt Tohakum (8075')
Class 2

June 21-23.

Leaving Sacramento around 7:30 p.m. we drove to the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation and base-camped at Warrior Point or whats left of the Warrior Point campground. On Saturday after getting a late start we began our climb of Tohakum from the east side. By late afternoon we had reached the Tohakum ridge and decided to turn around at that point. We could have made the peak and returned in the dark with head lamps but everyone felt better about calling it a day. We visited the famous Pyramid on our way back to camp and the next day had a very pleasant strole around the tufa needles on the north shore.

The next day we returned to Reno via Wadsworth (Hwy 447) stopping on the way to read about the two battles of pyramid lake in 1860 of particular interest to John Besbekos. Cristy Todaro completed a successful assistant lead on this climb and is approaching the time when she can conduct her own trips.

John Watters

Mt. Shasta (14,162')
Class 3, Private Trip.

July 4-7th.

Our group consisting of myself, Robin Reed, John Besbekos, John Sarna, Bob Buckles and Alan Cooke departed for Shasta City on one of the very few hot days of this summer. We had dinner in town and then proceeded to the trail head. Reaching the Sierra Club hut in the dark we set up camp and waited for morning. Another late start found us on the causeway by 5:00 a.m. and it became apparrent immediately that we were in for a crowded day on the mountain. The weather was beautiful and there was plenty of snow covering the route. we put on crampons before Helen Lake and made our way up the steepest part of the route crossing the Red Banks near the thumb.

Having summited this peak some five times prior to our attempt, all except the first attempt coming from the Sierra Club Hut I was not much concerned with making it to the top. When it became apparent near the base of misery hill that the others, however slowly, would make it. I peeled off from the group and enjoyed the splended glissade down through the Red Banks and well beyond Helen Lake. Although this was one of my longer glissades down Shasta it was less eventful then earlier trips and less exciting. Next time I will have to do Shasta from a new route.

After reaching the summit the others came along down a few hours later without incident. We hiked out that evening and did a marathon drive home.

John Watters

WHEN I WAS SHORT

After we had set up camp, we decided to climb the nearest mountain.



It took forever.



When we got to the summit, we had to take a moment to regain our strength.



This is when we got high-altitude sickness.



Allright. It appears that the "top," of late, is not the high point, but wherever, either by leader dictate or group consensus or whatever, the highest point achieved by the group is, and not necessarily where the actual, physical high point, or summit, is.

Certainly, we all have our reasons for going on peak climbs, whether it be to just enjoy the outdoors, or to accomplish a mental and physical, routefinding, navigation, and skills challenge. Of course, many, to rationalize "not making it," will just say that they don't care, or, "I had a good time and that's all that matters!" In some cases, it may be that insurance guidelines do not permit climbing on a class 3 or above level, on a regular chapter trip, as interpreted by the leader. For others it may be a climbing error, or just plain fatigue.

The problem here is that, to be technically successful and to be able to make the claim, "I did it!" truthfully, I always took it for granted that the top was the top---you know, register, 360° view, and where no more climbing upward is possible. For some, the top means, in the neighborhood---within the e-ball, mathematically speaking. For most, the e-ball is zero---that is, the top has been physically touched. For others, the e-ball is larger, where it is plainly obvious that "they made it," and the formality of touching the top is too trivial to be bothered with. Maybe, the register will do. The e-ball in these cases is only a matter of a few feet.

The trend in this chapter seems to be tending to a larger e-ball---that is, false summits, or below the summit block---an e-ball of anywhere from 30-40 feet to hundreds or even thousands of feet. Of course, we can find extremes where the e-ball has been 300 miles and 14,000+' difference--a case where the claimant never left town!

Some will disclaim that they were ever interested in the high point-- "I don't give a s--t!" Others will say, it was never the intent to do the class 3 or whatever, thanks to the insurance guidelines, and that they claimed only "nearly" the top, which I have seen in some cases, under pressure perhaps, to change to, "Yeah, I did it."

Many of us "purists" must speak out about or note this, having risked life and limb to achieve a summit, to be confronted with "poetic license," or perhaps a, "just wanted to be one of the guys," or whatever. A fellow SPS'er said, "They'll just roast in hell," and since there's not much to be done about it as there is no crime of perpetuating a exploration hoax, unless part of a monetary fraud scheme (MLC?), you might as well forget it.

Pete Yamagata

Next: "What constitutes a 'peak.'"



Twelve "Classic" Rules of Climbing

1. A climbing party must always consist of at least one person.
2. Make sure that you have adequate support: a rich father is best.
3. Always leave a route schedule with the rear guard.
4. Keep the party spread out, so that you don't know where anybody is.
5. Be sure that your rope is coiled when approaching tourist infested areas.
6. Rope up on all crevassed sidewalks.
7. Always obey the leader: she is the boss.
8. Never climb beyond the summit.
9. Never climb beyond the edge of your map.
10. Don't let judgement sway your desire.
11. Make sure that you always have adequate clothing and equipment in your car, in case you get back.
12. Always deport yourself so that you will reflect on the club.

Contributed by Steven Glenn--From the Mountaineers Office--mid '60's.

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EDITORS: *John Besbekos, Bob Buckles, and Pete Yamagata.*

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SUBMITTALS: *We encourage you to submit copy for publication. Articles, letters, fiction, poetry, and artwork that would be of interest to the Peak and Gorge Section are welcome. Copy should be typed single-spaced on 8.5 x 11" paper with half- to one-inch margins, and sent to: Boulder Editorial Committee; C/O John Besbekos; 4428 Old Dairy Drive, Sacramento, CA 95842; phone 729-2725. Submittals will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.*

DEADLINE: *About a week before social meetings on even-numbered months. The next deadline is: October 14th, 1991*

Boulder Editorial Committee
C/O John Besbekos
4428 Old Dairy Drive
Sacramento, CA 95842

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PLEASE---

- * Honor and respect this record of those who have been here before you.
- * Write sparingly--only name, date, brief remarks. Make the register last for years.
- * Fill every page--several entries per page.
- * Leave this register here when full for future climbers to enjoy.



paid til issue 49

John Sarna
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